

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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A WORKABLE CUE TO HAPPINESS AND PERSONALITY

"PERSONALITY was once regarded as an *indefinable something* which certain people had and others lacked. Now we have discovered that personality can be developed by training, just as the mind can. By personality we mean the extent to which one is able to interest and influence other people. This ability to influence other people is made up of habits and skills acquired by practice."

The development of personality, we find, depends on learning to do an increasing number of things with and for other people.

As our personality expands, our happiness also expands. Emerson said: "Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself." Happiness is no more elusive or intangible than is personality. It is not a gift, or an accident; it is something we create. Only as we use our ingenuity and energies to give happiness to others regardless of reward may we achieve happiness ourselves.

Recently I asked a man who had been with the A.E.F. in France: "What experience stands out most vividly?" I expected some dramatic story of bloodshed but, after a brief hesitation, he said: "One night I arrived on leave in Paris, eager for a good meal and my first glimpse of the city. Alighting from the train was an old lady, poorly dressed, struggling with three heavy bags. As there were no porters available I helped the woman to the subway. Then, unable to see how she could possibly manage those bags, I got on the train with her, and went right to her home far out in the suburbs. Although I could not talk French, never have I seen such spon-

taneous gratitude. She insisted that I accompany her to a neighborhood café where she bought me a bottle of beer, exclaiming meanwhile to everyone in the place what the American doughboy had done. Whereupon, amid handshakings and felicitations, they all drank a toast. If I had saved the woman's life they could scarcely have made a greater fuss over me. A simple enough incident, yet what I've never forgotten was the satisfying thrill I got out of it."

Many of us are afraid to venture any unusual attention to people in fear of being misunderstood. Indeed, it is amazing how many reasons we can give to justify our habits of behavior. The secret of a growing personality and happiness is the determination to form new habits and to embark on new adventures. Of course we shall make mistakes and meet rebuffs, until we acquire the necessary skills and finesse. But the person who, because of fear, stops trying new approaches to people, will never expand his understanding or love of people, and his happiness, instead of growing, will shrink.

Even small attentions are not easily cultivated. People who remember the birthdays of their relatives and friends, for example, tend to have better personalities than those who do not. Yet, how hard it is for most of us to remember birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and occasions which mean much to someone else. Remembering such occasions is a habit which can be acquired only if we put forth the necessary effort.

The sweetest music in the world to another person is the sound of his own name, says Dale Carnegie. And yet how often we see the postman, the elevator man, the garage man, without ever greeting them by name. The ability to remem-

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ber the names of others, our test shows, is an important factor in the growth of personality. This ability is not an accident but the result of practice.

Walking along country roads one is impressed with the friendliness of rural folk. But in the crowded cities we sometimes see the same persons several times a week for years, without learning anything whatever about them. We have a limited circle of friends who mean something to us, but we lose touch with man as man.

We pay taxes to support the needy, but harden our hearts toward individuals in need. In our own communities, we are perfectly willing to let the politicians, who fatten on human misery, dole out our money so that we may be spared the sight of suffering. We may go to church, believing in a God of Love, and in the commandment: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*, but there is no love of man in our hearts.

Even in our own families we often fall into a routine and mechanical attitude toward each other. The father, upon his arrival, is often greeted with greater affection by the dog than by his own children. For that matter, he may greet the dog with more enthusiasm than he greets his family. At breakfast or dinner he may be so absorbed in the news of the great world, that the news of his family world becomes an intrusion. Friendship and understanding in the family depend on personal sacrifices and special attentions just as they do everywhere else.

A woman of 58, employed in a bank,

told us one day about the terrific fits of depression from which she suffered at intervals. When these spells came upon her, she was totally unfit for duties. We found that this woman had a very small circle of acquaintances. About many employes in her bank, with some of whom she had worked for years, she knew almost nothing. We advised her to learn something about the people who served her, their work, their families. When last heard from, she had become so involved in helping two families that her letter was entirely about them, with little reference to herself. Having become actively involved in their troubles she had less energy to devote to her own trouble. Having given herself to others, she no longer needed to get away from herself. In helping others to achieve happiness, she was beginning to find it for herself.

There are numerous self-respecting men and women who serve us daily, yet we know them only subconsciously and the families they represent not at all. If the postman's wife were dying, it would mean nothing to us. If the youth who delivers our groceries had broken his leg, we might finally notice that there was a new man. If the newspaper boy was delivering his papers with holes in his shoes or in threadbare clothes, the thought of his needy family would seldom occur to us. If the elevator operator failed to stop at our floor, we might speak to him sharply, never thinking that he was worrying about a sick child.

In recent years most of us have become full of the new social consciousness. We often favor grand schemes which will give the average man a better deal. And yet, here is society at our very doors. While we read about the new social order in America, the social order of our personal contacts remains the same. While we acquire new theories of society at large, our habit of indifference toward society at home remains unchanged. Our ideas may have changed but our actions remain stagnant.

A woman, typical of many, complained that she had many acquaintances but

could not seem to make close friends. This woman was charming in appearance, had adequate means. Her difficulty, we found, was the common difficulty, namely that she confined her exertions only to certain persons she thought worth cultivating. In short, she was interested in people, not for *their* sake but for *her* sake. She was concerned not with what she could do for others but what they could do for her. Instead of pouring out happiness generously, she was sprinkling drops at carefully chosen points.

More far-reaching was the experience of a couple who lost their only child, a beautiful girl of 16. Instead of resigning themselves to a life of grief and withering retrospect, they soon adopted two small children. Through this experience the mother became interested in finding suitable homes for homeless children. Her whole life has been given added meaning and power because, having achieved new happiness in adopting two children, she is now helping to spread this happiness to others.

Whether our acts of consideration for others be large or small, the principle is the same. A woman shopper who treats a salesgirl as a human being not only creates an area of happiness in that girl's day, but incidentally receives preferred attention and service which makes shopping more pleasant for herself.

Here is a fundamental study in the art of social intercourse. Here is a religion, not of abstract faith but of human fellowship. Here is a concept of personality in the making. Here is happiness to be had for the giving.

If we were to make the conscious and frequent effort of treating others with consideration, the effects on us and on society as a whole would be amazing. Not only our personalities but the personality of the nation would rise to a much higher level, and with it, happiness. Here is the homely road, the human road, probably the only road by which we shall achieve that abundant life which all desire.

—HENRY C. LINK, PH.D.

TWO SEAS IN PALESTINE

There are two seas in Palestine. One is fresh, and there are fish in it. Slashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it, and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing water. Along its shores the children play as children played when He was there. He loved it. He could look across its silver surface when He spoke His parables. And on a rolling plain not far away He fed five thousand people.

The river Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. So it laughs in the sunshine. And the men build their houses near to it, and birds their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there.

The river Jordan flows on south into another sea. Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children's laughter. Travelers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs heavy above its waters, and neither man, nor beast, nor fowl will drink.

What makes this mighty difference in these neighbor seas? Not the river Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie; not the country round about.

This is the difference. The Sea of Galilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it, another drop flows out. The giving and receiving go on in equal measure.

The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously. It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. Every drop it gets, it keeps.

The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. The other sea gives nothing. It is named the Dead Sea.

There are two kinds of people in the world.

There are two seas in Palestine.

—Contributed.

RURAL SCHOOLS

Branch Chairmen desiring information about the Rural Schools may write to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Name (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); address; name and address of your minister; names and ages of your brothers and sisters.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENTS

Regular correspondents may be adopted after consultation with Miss Ethel H. Studley, Chairman, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. This regulation is necessary to avoid duplication in arranging for regular correspondents.

1. Mrs. Arie Ashley, Clifton, N. C., writes: "I am a widow with a boy five years old and a girl four years old. After my husband died, I had to come back home to live with my father. Last December my father died. I should like to hear from some of the Cheerful Letter ladies."

2. Mrs. Ed C. Turner, Crabtree, Ark., wants a correspondent. She is twenty-eight years old. She and her husband, with the three small children, live in a valley four miles from church and school. They live with her husband's father and mother, who are getting old. Grandma Turner would like some nice reading matter.

3. A good correspondent would help Mrs. Buster Turner of Copeland, Ark. She writes that because of a bone infection in his leg, her husband is unable to do any work. Her little baby is ten months old, and the older child is six years old. They have no way to get to church and Sunday School, and so they would enjoy good reading. She says, "We live in one of Arkansas' beautiful

valleys with a small creek right by our door." She is twenty six years old.

4. Miss Edna Wilson, Copeland, Ark., writes: "I am a young girl just sixteen years old. I do not go to school, so get awfully lonesome and would like some regular correspondent."

5. Mrs. Donald Weaver, Husk, N. C., aged twenty nine, is recovering from an operation, and would like someone to write to her. She has three children, from seven to eleven years old, and sickness has been an expense.

6. Mrs. Ruth Sliger, Big Springs, Tenn., writes: "I live in the hills of Tennessee. Of course we do not own a farm, but we rent. My husband finds a day's work sometimes, but not very often. We go to church when it is possible and that's about all; so you see we need lots more cheer. It would give me a lot of pleasure to hear from one of the workers."

7. Mrs. Irby Watson, aged thirty-eight, hopes she may have a correspondent. She has three boys aged eighteen, sixteen, and seven, and a little girl aged five, who is very sick. Mrs. Watson prays that God will give her strength back, as she is very precious to them all. She gets lonely, as they live off the highway, very much out of the way, and she has to walk wherever she goes. She is growing quite deaf. Address: Mrs. Irby Watson, Crabtree, Ark.

8. Miss Jennie Rogers, Crabtree, Ark., writes: "I am fourteen years old, and have two sisters and two brothers all younger than I am. We are very poor. My brother and I need to be in school but we can't go. We surely should appreciate some advice and help from someone. I have heard so much of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, I thought perhaps you would be the very one. I am very anxious to hear from some of you folks."

9. "I am still able to be up but am awful weak. I had something like the influenza and asthma together. I only weigh ninety-five pounds now. I don't go to church as it is three miles away and too far to walk. Our nearest neighbors live a quarter of a mile from us, but they are very clever with us when we see them. I take the children to church once a month." So writes Mrs. Charles Walker, Route 1, Evensville, Tenn., who would like to correspond with someone.

10. Miss Mae Ellen Tyson, Gen. Del., Ansonville, N. C., wants a correspondent. She is thirteen years old; her father is dead; her mother is getting old. She goes to the Baptist Church every Sunday.

11. This is from Mrs. Onnie T. Nance, Route 1, Decatur, Tenn., who writes: "I am nineteen years old and have a little baby girl eight months old, and she has been sick all her life. I have sat up day and night with her. But she is the only child I have, and seems so sweet to me. I am anxious to have a steady correspondence with another woman who has little children."

12. Miss Jettie Stuart, Grant, Va., would like so much to correspond with another girl. She hasn't any sisters, and it is very lonely at home. She is twelve years old and goes to the Baptist Church every month.

13. Mrs. Edward Jones, Star Route, Tellico Plains, Tenn., wants a correspondent. She is twenty-seven years old and has four small children. They live in the mountains, and it is a long

way to church. It worries her to have to raise her children this way.

14. "I should enjoy correspondence with the Cheerful Letter. I am a little girl thirteen years old, and have a mother and one sister. Mother has been in the hospital; just came home, and is not able to be about. We live on the farm and do the best we can. Don't go much, and it is very lonely." So writes Miss Gertrude Smith, Clinton, Ark.

15. And here is a new field to work in. Mr. Joseph Henderson of Copeland, Ark., wonders if we have a boys' department. He is eighteen years old; his birthday comes on June 29; and he wants to know if he has a twin who would like to correspond with him. He says, "I should be glad to correspond with any boy or girl just to learn about other parts of the United States."

16. Mrs. Felix L. Castell, Route 3, Athens, Tenn., would like a correspondent. She is twenty-four years old and has three little boys, aged seven, four, and three.

17. Miss Louise Fitch Harris, Thelma, Va., wishes to correspond with someone. She is seventeen years old, and goes to the Methodist Church once a month.

18. From Mrs. Willie Godbehere, Route 2, Dayton, Tenn., comes this: "We buried our little baby last month. I am so lonesome. I am the mother of seven children, aged two to fifteen. We live on the farm. I have been sick for nearly two months. I should like to write to some good woman."

19. This comes from Miss Mittie Bryan, Trenton, S. C.: "I wish to have a regular correspondent—some person near my age. I am fifteen. My hair is blonde, I have blue eyes, fair complexion; I weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds, and I am five feet five inches tall. I am a junior in the Trenton High School. I live on a farm owned by my father, about two miles from the small town of Trenton."

20. Miss Thelnie Frericks, Epperson, Tenn., is fifteen years old, and she wants someone to write to her. They are poor

people who live in the mountains, and there are nine in the family. The children are from six to eighteen years old.

21. Mrs. Ernest Arnhart, Copeland, Ark., forty-five years old, has two married daughters who live quite a way from her, and she and her husband live on a farm about ten miles from town. She is not well and cannot do much work. She hopes someone will correspond with her.

APPEALS

These Appeals must not be answered a second time and persons making them must not be taken as regular correspondents.

1. Mrs. J. A. Bowers, Route 1, Peachland, N. C., would be pleased to receive something for her family. Both she and her husband are in poor health, and they have six children, from three to nineteen years old.

2. Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, Troy, Va., says: "I am a poor woman with eight children. My husband can't get much work. I should be glad of some quilt pieces and thread and needles."

3. Mrs. Avery Farmer, Route 1, Box 60, Rugby, Va., would like some quilt pieces or any kind of fancy work. Her little three-year-old girl would like some picture books. They live in the mountains and can't get out very much, and as the husband works most of the time, she gets lonely.

4. Mrs. Ora Emerson, Rupert, Ark., writes: "I am an old member of Cheerful Letter, but it has been three or four years since I have written for cheer. I am thirty-seven years old and the mother of ten children, from one to seventeen years old. I am hoping someone will send me some quilt pieces, especially cretonne, and some toys for the younger children, all boys, from six years down. I live forty-five miles from the railroad and twenty-five from the nearest little town."

5. Mrs. Hurley Johnson, Troutdale, Va., aged twenty-six years, would like some quilt pieces. Her only child is

two years old.

6. Miss Flora Brown, Calhoun, Tenn., writes: "I am sixteen years old. My mother is dead, and I live with my grandmother who is sixty-nine years old. We should like to have some quilt pieces or reading."

7. Mrs. Lacy Little, North Tazewell, Va., would be glad to receive some quilt pieces and embroidery work.

8. Mrs. W. B. Barbour, Anguilla, Miss., tells us: "I am a Christian lady forty-six years old, and have ten children, two of them married. The rest are small and go to church and school. I have worked hard all my life, and now I can't do much as I'm sick most of the time. It's hard for us to get along. My eyesight is bad, but my daughter likes to sew and crochet, and anything you have will be more than appreciated."

9. "I am an arthritis shut-in, confined to a wheel chair. I haven't walked any in nine years; just sit in my chair all day each day. I get pretty tired and lonely sometimes, and I'd be glad of anything to cheer me and help pass long hours. I should like good reading, poetry, or scenic magazines. I am thirty-two years old and live with my mother and stepfather on the farm." So writes Miss Elinor F. Moore, Route 2, Altoona, Ala.

10. Mrs. Mack Spencer, Spray, N. C., would love to receive some quilt pieces and also something to read. She and her husband are alone now, as all their eight children are married, and they get lonely. She is fifty-six years old.

11. Mrs. Edward Williams, Route 1, Cleveland, Ark., writes: "I am a poor farmer's wife with three small girls, aged three, five, and seven. We live on rented land. I should like some quilt pieces and bits of thread."

12. This is from Miss Ila Lee Rusling, Route 1, Polkton, N. C.: "Is there someone who can send me some books to read? We live on a rented farm and are very poor. I am fifteen years old; I have two sisters and two brothers. I had to stop school when I was in the fourth grade. We find it hard to send

the smaller children to school since mother died. I go to church as often as I can, but I get so lonesome."

13. Mrs. Jesse Walters, Route 1, Athens, Texas, a young bride of seventeen years, writes: "For the first time I am living in the country. At times I become a little lonely, and I would appreciate very much receiving quilt scraps or additions to my book shelf. I also enjoy sewing of any kind."

14. Maragretta Flesher, aged seventy-eight, who has been in bed twelve years because of a broken hip, would like to have some quilt pieces. Her address is Rupert, Ark.

QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

Psalm 103, 104—"Bless the Lord"

DR. MOULTON calls this pair of psalms hymns of the "World Within" and of the "World Without." Psalm 103 celebrates God as the loving benefactor of the individual life. Psalm 104 exalts Him as the God of the world of external nature. Taken together, with the unifying element of the repetend, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," at the beginning and end of each psalm, the two psalms make up a magnificent ode to Deity.

Psalm 103—this "Hymn of the World Within"—is a "still clear brook of the praise of God." It calls on us to praise God with all our faculties. He who keeps back one fiber of his being is not truly praising God. "Bless the Lord"—why? He forgives, heals, redeems, satisfies. He makes known His plans to the inner circle only—to His children (verse 7), the inference being that others know only His doings. It taxes our imagination to understand God's love: "As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

The psalm closes in a high strain. It seems as though one soul, touched with gratitude to the living God, had set on fire the whole universe. The psalmist

calls on the angels and the very works of God to join him in ascribing praise to their Creator, and then, in more subdued tone, again speaks to his own heart: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Psalm 104—this "Hymn of the World Without"—begins likewise with the injunction "Bless the Lord, O my soul," but immediately turns the thought into channels of external nature. "Bless the Lord"—not as in Psalm 103, because of His benefits to the individual soul, but because of His power and majesty as displayed in the works of nature—His visible creation.

When we step across the threshold of this sublime psalm, it seems as if we have actually gone forth under the open sky to listen "to nature's teachings, while from all around—earth and her waters, and the depths of air"—come voices as from the very mouth of God. Surely the psalmist must have composed this unrivaled poem under the direct influence of nature, and probably in nature's own environment of grandeur and repose.

The poem is unique, as many critics have observed, in its design. It seems to follow and suggest the successive days of creation. Turn to the record in Genesis 1, and note the order. Verses 2-5 certainly allude to the work of the first day. Verses 6-9 depict the work of the second day. Verses 10-18 suggest the work of the third day. Verses 19-23 refer to the work of the fourth day. And verses 24-30 allude to the work of the fifth day. Here, however, the allusion to the days of creation ceases. The poet's purpose seems to be to praise God as the creator of external nature; the psalm does not consider man, but rather nature as contemplated by man. The rest of the psalm (verses 31-35) describes the glory of the Lord and reveals the response of man to the contemplation of that glory: gratitude must be the soul's reply. The Christian looks beyond nature to nature's God.

"Bless thou the Lord, O my soul."

—CHARLES E. WENIGER
in *Signs of the Times*.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

CHILDREN OF OL' MAN RIVER

DRIFTING down to East Liverpool, Ohio, early in the 1900's, we ran into a "mosquito fleet"—hundreds of shanty boats which were long a part of the colorful life of our inland streams. These tiny craft were of every description, with crooked stovepipes sticking out of the roofs and sides at all angles, their hulls weather-beaten or shining with new boards used for recent repairs. Many of the cabins were made from packing cases, and stenciled names and addresses told of their origin. They were strung out for nearly a mile, and so closely tied together that one could take one's evening stroll stepping from deck to deck all the way.

Their owners were the embodiment of friendliness. Many of them were employed in the Liverpool potteries and had lived on the river for years. Others were laborers who, with their families, floated down the river following jobs of public works. Still another group drifted idly from one town to another, not looking for work anywhere. They considered an offer of a job an insult. Each boat was well supplied with children and long-eared coon dogs.

The farmers along the river usually planted three extra rows of corn on the river side for these arks that passed in the night, there being a tacid agreement that so long as they limited themselves to these three rows, they would not be molested. They liked corn. They liked watermelons, too, and could snake them out from under the nose of a farmer sitting all night in his melon patch with a shotgun across his knees.

It was a gay and easy life, drifting into a choice location well furnished with beans, corn, tomatoes, stocking up to their hearts' content, and drifting on downstream as silently as they came. They were skillful about procuring chickens, too; and once in possession of a fat one, they would roll it in mud, feathers and all, and bake it in ashes. When the dry mud was removed, the feathers came with it, leaving a tempt-

ing, golden-brown fowl ready to serve. They almost never stole anything but food, and rivermen regarded them with tolerance as just another aspect of river life.

Since the construction of the Federal lock and dam system, and the enactment of local houseboat license laws, this colorful fleet has nearly vanished from our rivers. The Ohio and its tributaries are not entirely deserted by shanty boats, but those still in existence are mostly used as summer homes, with bathing and fishing offered as fancy sports instead of as part of the everyday routine of life. But the old-time, original, pioneer, beautifully nondescript shanty-boater of the past is a shadow that stalks no more.

—CAPTAIN BILLY BRYANT in
Children of Ol' Man River.

LIFE'S CROOKED THINGS

By ROBERT HARE

The crooked things of life

May bring a thousand cares,
And often when we least expect,
They take us unawares.

Each heart must share life's troubles,—
They meet us soon or late;
But oh, the crooked things of life
Are sent to keep us straight!

The cloud that hangs so darkly,
That hides our upward view,
Has still God's smile behind it,
With all the crystal blue.

Then let us learn the lesson,—
Love rules instead of hate,
And oh, the crooked things of life
Are sent to keep us straight!

And when our dreams are riven,
Chide not the hand divine
God worketh all things kindly
Within your life and mine.

And sometime in the future,
However long or late,
We'll find life's crooked lessons
Were sent to keep us straight.

MUSCONGUS JOINS THE UNITED STATES

UNTIL recently the little island of Muscongus, a few miles off the New England coast, was an independent republic. Government surveyors, mapping the coast when Maine joined the Union, failed somehow to include Muscongus, though it is three miles long and famous as the home of the Indian Chief Samoset, who saved the Plymouth Colony from starvation in 1621. The islanders, probably unaware that they had been overlooked, were considered American citizens within jurisdiction of the neighboring town of Bristol until politics entered the scene.

In 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was a presidential candidate, Bristol, staunchly Republican, discovered on counting the votes that Democratic Muscongus had carried the town. Consternation reigned until some sharp lawyer remembered that, officially, Muscongus did not exist. The Muscongus votes were declared invalid and Bristol saved its political face; but the islanders thereupon refused to pay taxes to Bristol. "We are willing to support the United States," they declared, "but not the town of Bristol."

From that time on, Muscongus remained a wholly independent island republic, though within the territorial waters of the United States—a prosperous little fishing community of about 120 contented people with their own town-meeting form of government. It would probably have remained a no-man's land indefinitely had not the need of a post office brought it into the fold. It had always been the custom of the barber-storekeeper-postman to row to the mainland for mail, and this was at times dangerous. Since a post office could not be established on territory not officially part of the United States, three years ago the islanders swore allegiance to the United States, and the strange republic of Muscongus passed out of existence.

—A. HYATT VERRILL in
"Along New England
Shores."

"BLESSED ARE YE"

A beekeeper told me the story of the hive—how, when the little bee is in the first stage, it is put into a hexagonal cell, and honey enough is stored there for its use till it reaches maturity. The honey is sealed with a capsule of wax, and when the tiny bee has fed itself on the honey and exhausted the supply, the time has come for it to emerge into the open. But, oh, the wrestle, the tussle, the straining, to get through that wax! It is the strait gate for the bee, so strait that in the agony of exit the bee rubs off the membrane that hid its wings, and on the other side it is able to fly! Once a moth got into the hive and fed on the wax capsules, and the bees got out without any strain or struggle. But they could not fly, and the other bees stung them to death.

Are you congratulating yourself on having an easy time? No hardness, no difficulties, no cross? Beware lest, like the bees, you lose your wing power, and perish miserably in the dust.

—*Moody Bible Institute Monthly.*

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits
brave,

There are souls that are pure and
true;

Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will
show

Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in
kind

And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'T is just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—M. S. BRIDGES.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"FRAIDIE CAT"

By HELEN HELT

"GET your bonnet, Marilee. I need some help to bring Princess to the barn," said Bob as he cleared the dooryard fence with one bound and seated himself on the porch steps.

"But you have your saddle horse, Bob. I can't keep up with you," hesitated Marilee who was visiting in the country for the first time in her life.

"Of course you can't walk, silly. I'll saddle Old Coach for you," explained her cousin.

Marilee was trying her best to conquer a fear of things on the farm and be a good pal to Cousin Bob, who was just her own age, but everything was so new and different. She had learned to ride Old Coach about the barnlot, but to ride away into the woods was quite another thing.

"I don't think I had better go, Bob. Old Coach can't keep up with Jack, and—" began Marilee.

"And you are afraid to ride to the back pasture. Some brave girl you are. Go back in the house and get your knitting," finished Bob in disgust. Then, "Fraidie Cat," he called as he put one hand on a post and leaped lightly over the fence.

Stung to action by this all too familiar phrase, Marilee jumped to her feet and followed the angry boy to his horse.

"Come on, Bob, let's get Old Coach. I'll help you get your old calf."

"That's a girl. You'll get over your silly notions if you stay around here long enough," said Bob, instantly mollified.

The gentle old horse was soon ready. Bob and Marilee rode out of the lot and down the shady lane. In spite of her desire to be brave, Marilee's hands began to tremble as they entered the woods and the horses started down a sharp incline. When they came to the creek, Marilee pulled on the reins and Old Coach stopped.

"Come on, Marilee. Coach is a good swimmer. Hold up your feet so they won't get wet," teased the mischievous

boy.

Marilee still hesitated. She knew that the water was not deep, but it was water just the same, and Old Coach might stumble on the rocks.

"Fraidie Cat," came the hateful challenge from the opposite bank.

"Oh dear. He still thinks I am a coward." With that Marilee gave her horse a smart slap. He stepped gingerly into the water and picked his way carefully across the creek.

Princess, the beautiful thoroughbred shorthorn calf, was found near the pasture gate. It was a very simple matter to let her out and drive her back home, where Bob could feed and care for her every day.

"Tomorrow I will turn Princess out in the orchard, but I think I had better leave her in the barn tonight. She's the best calf in this neighborhood. I'm sure she will win first prize at the fair in September," boasted the proud boy, as he and Marilee went to the house for supper.

"Dad and I are going to the Farm Bureau meeting tonight. A man from Aggies is going to talk about raising prize cattle. Mother usually goes. I want you to go this time, too," invited Bob.

"It would be interesting," answered Marilee absently. Her eyes were searching the western sky. "How dark it is getting," she observed. "Do you suppose it is going to storm?"

"Oh sure, and thunder and lightning and blow and hail and maybe rain a little. Hope so. We need the moisture," answered Bob.

Marilee sat down to the evening meal with a worried look on her face. Every now and then she would glance out of the window at the slowly mounting clouds. Of all the things to be afraid of, she felt that thunder storms were the worst.

As the black clouds gradually covered the sky, a faint rumbling could be heard. Marilee could hardly eat the delicious fried chicken that Uncle Sam heaped on her plate, for worrying about going out in the storm to the Farm Bureau meet-

ing. She was greatly relieved when Aunt Nell said that she had a headache and did not care to go. Of course Marilee would stay at home with her.

After Uncle Sam and Bob were gone, and the supper dishes were washed, Aunt Nell locked the house and went to bed, telling Marilee that she might read for a little while if she wished. Marilee tried to settle down to a new book she was very much interested in, but she found it impossible. Each trip to the window deepened her fear that a bad storm was really coming. Then the telephone rang,—one, two, three. Marilee paid no attention to it. Again it rang, louder than ever,—one, two, three.

"That is our ring, isn't it, Marilee?" called Aunt Nell from her bedroom.

"Yes, Aunt Nell. I will answer it." Marilee went reluctantly to the phone. The lightning was coming nearer. The phone was popping and grinding in an alarming manner.

"Hello," said Marilee, holding the receiver as far as possible from her ear. "Hello. Yes, Aunt Nell is here. She's in bed. She has a headache. Oh! shall I call her?" She put the receiver down on the table and ran to the bedroom. "Aunt Nell, Betty Smith wants you. She seems to be in trouble," explained Marilee.

Aunt Nell got out of bed at once. It took her only a few minutes to get to the phone and find out what Betty's trouble was. Turning to Marilee, she said, "Marilee, Betty's little boy is sick. She is almost frightened to death. Dick is coming for me, and I shall go right over and do what I can for her. I hate to take you along because I don't know what the child has. It might be something contagious. Still, you will be afraid to stay here alone, I expect," finished Aunt Nell as she dressed and gathered a few articles into a small bag.

An extra loud clap of thunder caused Marilee to make up her mind in a hurry. She just couldn't start out in a storm. It would be better to stay alone.

"I will stay right here, Aunt Nell. Uncle Sam and Bob will be home in an hour, at least. They will have to have

someone to get breakfast for them in the morning," decided Marilee.

"That will be best. Lock the door when I leave. Nothing will hurt you. It is hard to tell what that child has."

(To be concluded)

PINK TEA

THE Union Jack streamed from every public building in Britain when Princess Elizabeth, heir to the world's mightiest Throne, was eleven.

Crowds strolled up to Windsor Castle to see the fair-haired child and her six-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, both in pink frocks, run out to take the salute at the changing of the guard. Millions more read of her presents—a new white pony, Snowball, from the King; a saddle and gold-tipped crop from her mother; doll furniture from the Queen-Mother; and a gray handbag with silver fittings from her sister. "Uncle David," whose abdication put her in line for the Throne, sent from Vienna a tennis-racket and a gold wrist-watch.

But even little Princesses have disappointments on their birthdays and the camera for which she has clamored all year was not among her presents.

In the afternoon, she served tea to her family and cut a huge pink-and-white birthday cake. In the evening, there was a *Mickey Mouse* movie—favorite of King George as well as the children—which lasted half an hour past bedtime.

Living at the Castle and Buckingham Palace has brought no change to the girls' routine. Like the old room at 145 Piccadilly, the new bedroom is painted with Elizabeth's favorite primrose. They swim at the exclusive West-End Bath Club which numbers among its members former King Edward and their mother. Princess Elizabeth canters in the Row on that other white pony, Peggy, which recently was shipped to town from Windsor. They appear at concerts, and children's music in London enjoys a boom.

Lessons, under the Scottish Marion Crawford, take up most of their time. Struggling over arithmetic and shining

in French, German and Latin, the elder girl recently has added constitutional law to her schedule. There also is a "lesson game," invented by the King, which takes her through the Empire on the trail of simplified news-items.

The child often studies standing up, to drill her for long public appearances. Her most important ordeal came when, seated beside Queen Mary, she was the first female Heir Presumptive in history to see her parents crowned—in a long and tiring ceremony.

A long room in the Palace was marked off with aisles, turns and chairs, where, like her father and mother, she could practise her part for the great day. On her own initiative, she perched a heavy curtain-ring on her wavy golden hair to prepare for wearing a coronet. She dressed like a miniature peeress, with a high-waisted childish white dress under a scarlet velvet kirtle, ermine cowl and

abbreviated train. Jewelers made the simple little coronet she wore.

For all her privileges, Princess Elizabeth remains a very human youngster. "When romping with her cousins, Lord Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (sons of her father's sister, the Princess Royal)," the London weekly says, "she is a merry little tomboy, game for any proposed mischief, much more inventive than either of the boys in thinking out new and vigorous games." Young Viscount Lascelles once admitted: "Elizabeth likes Gerald better than me, because he lets her pull his hair."

"She enjoys playing mother," the magazine continues. "Friends of the Royal Family say that she shows rare affection for her small sister, is always ready with excuses to save the younger girl bewilderment and carefully watches over her on public occasions."

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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